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POEMS AND TALES.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA

De Wilde, del. Smith, sculp.

Miss El. Tree.

Published April 26. 1808, by S. Tipper, Leadenhall Street.

POEMS

AND

TALES,

BY

MISS TREFUSIS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SAMUEL TIPPER, LEADENHALL STREET,

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1808.

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20 MAR 1958
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TO

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

To you, my dear Sir, whose indulgent approbation of my productions first encouraged me to *publish*, I dedicate these Poems. I confide in your known liberality to forgive the liberty I take in doing so without your permission. Three of them only have appeared in print, and these I presented to the Editor of the Satirist.—The dedication, as a tribute of friendship, is but small; for had I known a man of superior worth and talents, to him I should have inscribed them.

Your very sincere and
affectionate friend,

EL. TREFUSIS.

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POEMS AND TALES.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO, IN SOME COMPLIMENTARY VERSES, HAD PLACED ME AMONGST THE MUSES.

HAD the ancients presumptuously offer'd to raise
A name, poor as mine, to the rank of the muses,
Then the frolicsome fair-ones, instead of the bays,
Had clapt a fool's cap on the crown of Trefusis;
But should Hylas command them to give her a place,
How humbly the head of the table they'd proffer!
And submission would smile on each beautiful face,
Tho' the insolent hussey should take the first offer;
In duteous observance her lead they would follow,
Mistaking her eloquent bard for Apollo!

THE FROZEN DEW-DROP.

I.

HAVE you not seen the glistening dew
Which sparkled on yon fragrant thorn?
'Twas sent, Spring's blossoms to renew,
Incense to Flora from the morn!

II.

Aurora, with a liberal hand,
Scatter'd a blessing on each flower:
Mark, how their tender leaves expand,
T' imbibe the renovating shower!

III.

But soon an awful change prevails;
For, lagging in stern Winter's rear,

A biting frost each gem assails,
To crystallize the genial tear!

IV.

Thus oft a *boon* a *curse* may prove!
And trusting innocence may find
How every hope which hangs on love,
Falsehood in icy chains can bind!

THE VIRTUES OF

HUMILITY, GENTLENESS, AND SENSIBILITY,

Personified (by their Lovers) in the Heroines of Novels, written in early life, and afterwards destroyed.

EUDORA, OR HUMILITY.

I.

SEARCH for the softest, mildest eye,
That e'er steals azure from the sky,
Or with Promethean thought aspires
To snatch Sol's evanescent fires;
Search for the dimpled cheek and chin,
That tell of harmony within;
The polish'd forehead, wide and fair,
Content's smooth shield to ward off care.

II.

Search for youth's best and dearest wealth,

The glow of innocence and health;

The pouting lip, whose vermeil dyes

The tide of purity supplies;

The voice, whose modulations own

A temperance in every tone;

The doubtful step, whose tremors speak

The *feelings strong!* the *passions weak!*

III.

Search, lightly sporting on the wind,

For auburn tresses, unconfin'd;

Or by the simple fillet bound,

Or by the modest violet crown'd;

Search for th' elastic form, which gives

More charms than pride from wealth receives

To the brown robe, where symmetry
Shelters beneath simplicity.

IV.

When eye-beams on your vision dance,
Search for the timid transient glance,
Peruse the heart-illumin'd face,
And from a blush extract a grace.
Search for the nymph who owns these charms,
Then bring her, blushing, to my arms;
This queen of my idolatry,
By mortals stiled HUMILITY.

CLARIBELL, OR GENTLENESS.

I.

SAY, whence the soul-subduing grace
Which plays o'er that enchanting face,
Which wins all hearts, attracts all eyes,
Which ever varying, never dies?
What name can that soft charm express?
O what?—but heaven-born Gentleness!

II.

That mildly sympathetic mien,
That placid eye, that brow serene;
The meek expression of that smile,
That patient sweetness void of guile,
Force every gazer to confess
No charm can equal Gentleness.

III.

From thee, the poor expect relief;

To thee, the mourner tells his grief;

The lover owns his varied woes,

The penitent his secret throes;

While all, with gratitude, confess

No virtue equals Gentleness.

IV.

'Tis heaven's own blue which lights that eye!

'Tis heaven's own breath informs that sigh!

Heaven's dearest attributes we trace

In every line of that sweet face!

And heaven's best gift, mankind to bless,

Was Claribell!—was GENTLENESS!

ENNA, OR SENSIBILITY.

I.

WHAT fairy vision meets my eye?
Sure 'tis some daughter of the sky!
See how her swelling bosom heaves,
As yonder childless mother grieves;
While from her hazle eye the tear
Drops o'er affection's early bier!

II.

Now, now she skims across the plain
With eager haste, nor hastes in vain;
For, rescued from the ravening kite,
The trembling dove, with wild affright,
Seeks the safe harbour of her breast,
Where gods themselves might proudly rest.

III.

See with soft touch, and trembling care,
How from the wily spider's snare
She liberates the captive fly!
Now bends on earth her beamy eye,
Lest her light foot, with careless tread,
Should crush some harmless reptile's head.

IV.

Nymph of the humid eye, whose rays
Eclipse the sun's meridian blaze,
Thou who canst pity all, incline
Thine ear to love and grief like mine.
Heavens! in those soften'd looks I see
Thy triumph—SENSIBILITY!

ADVERTISEMENT FOR A WIFE.

IN THE NAME OF THE HONOURABLE GENERAL KNOX.

"Such, and such only, could deserve him."

MAIDENS, here's a heart to sell!
Take the toy, and treat it well;
Treat it well, and you will find
A soldier's heart, though rough, is kind,
And sweet the nut, if harsh the rind!
Oft the plain volume, girt in boards,
Much learning and much wit affords;
While books adorn'd with Russia leather,
In weight of worth, scarce poize a feather!
Oft may the rugged rock enshrine
The golden glories of the mine!

Oft may the simple casket hide
All Europe and all India's pride!
Maidens, here's a heart to sell!
Take the toy, and treat it well:
'Tis true, the owner rates it high,
And few have stock enough to buy.
These are his terms——
" Give me sweetness, sense, and truth,
" The trusting confidence of youth,
" The tender lustre of an eye
" Melting in tears of sympathy;
" Meekness in her mildest mood,
" Passions—amiably subdued!
" Give me that wit without pretence,
" The playful child of innocence;
" Talents, which shun the public gaze,
" Content to win one soldier's praise.

" To nobleness of birth be join'd
" A proud nobility of mind;
" And may her riches serve to shew
" A white hand—eager to bestow."
Maidens, here's a heart to sell!
Take the toy, and treat it well.

CHARADE.

TO THE SAME, WHEN HE WENT TO INDIA.

I.

WHERE was the wretch like me, supremely curst,
When cruel fortune the harsh mandate gave,
And bade my *second* rob me of my *first?*
Yet from this wreck of happiness I'll save
My *third!* a relic of such haughty birth,
In vain would barter'd nations poize its worth!

II.

When with my *first* my *second* I combine,
A sweet consoler rises in my *third*;
Hope lives again, and whispers in each line,
"Why should those joys be lost which are deferr'd?
"Soon, soon your second shall your first restore;
"Your third, triumphant then, shall weep no more."

To the Memory of my beloved and respected Friend,

THE HON. JOHN KNOX,

Who (with Capt. SWINBURNE, his Aide-de-camp) was lost in the BABET, on his passage to JAMAICA; of which Island he was appointed Lieutenant Governor, and Commander in Chief of all his Majesty's Forces in the West Indies.

BENEVOLENT and brave! bright honor's child!
Himself unerring, yet to error mild!
Wise, yet unconscious of superior powers,
Fair Science culls for him her choicest flowers,
And playful Wit her proudest tribute brings,
Gives all her graces, but withholds her stings!
A form enrich'd with many a manly charm,
A mind expansive, and a bosom warm;
Sage in direction, in performance bold,
In courage youthful, in experience old;

With deep discernment, yet with graceful ease,
He lent instruction, while he sought to please!
His public with his private virtues strove,
Which, our respect should claim, and which, our love!
Such once was Knox! but now the silver wave
Dances, unconscious, o'er the soldier's grave!
Such once was Knox! the valiant, wise, and good!
Now deeply buried in the silent flood!
More deeply buried in the British breast
His treasured virtues lie! O noblest! best!
Where, where was Albion's Genius, when her pride,
The high-soul'd Knox, her boasted hero, died?
Nor for *his* loss alone Britannia mourns,
While the proud deep a Swinburne's corpse inurns!
With wit to charm, and virtues to endear,
With manners courtly, and with heart sincere;

Youth of fair promise! had thy risen day
Equall'd the lustre of thy morning ray,
By Knox distinguish'd, by his friendship led,
With gathering honours clustering round thine head,
How proudly had thy happy mother smil'd!
How gloried, in the glories of her child!
Loved pair, adieu! if great the public grief,
O what to *secret* sorrow yields relief?
To private friendship? which would proudly boast
Those heaven-born virtues, now to friendship lost!
But that the swelling sigh, the bursting tear,
Tells only that "they were! and—were most dear!"

THE PRIMROSE.

'Tis noon. Fierce Eurus high dominion holds,
With feverish force, o'er ev'ry fading flow'r;
Parch'd, withering, drooping! scarce a bud unfolds,
Till twilight yields the renovating show'r.
Thus Jealousy, with pestilential breath,
Blights each dear promise of youth's joyous day,
Consigns love's cherish'd blossoms o'er to death,
Unless Hope mitigates the fervid ray.
Hope visits all! she visits all but one!
One little flower, alas! escap'd her view;
Despair had cropt it! and the parching sun,
The scorching winds, their ravages renew!
Cropt by despair, by jealous fires consum'd,
See the pale Primrose dies, where once she meekly bloom'd!

PATTY AND JEMMY.

A COTTAGE TALE.

" Haste, sisters, bind my dark-brown hair
" With this dear riband Jemmy gave;
" He brought it Patty from the fair,
" And own'd himself her beauty's slave.
" Haste, sisters, haste, and round me throw
" This broider'd handkerchief so fine;
" 'Twas given, with many a tender vow,
" By Jemmy to his Valentine.
" My pretty ring, with posy gay,
(" Dear pledge! we'll never, never part!)
" With love's first modest kiss, one day
" He gave; and Patty gave her heart!
" Look, sisters, look! here on my breast
" My dearest, proudest, treasures are;

" Sweet lines, which sweeter love exprest,
" Surround a braid of Jemmy's hair.
" And this the hour he comes to claim
" His tender Patty's faithful vows.
" And shall I bear my Jemmy's name,
" And be his happy grateful spouse!
" O though my heart be true and pure,
" Though innocent my actions prove,
" Ye gods, ye only can ensure
" My earthly heaven! 'tis Jemmy's love!
" What though each tattling gossip tells
" How Jemmy roves from fair to fair,
" Still this exulting bosom swells
" With blessedness too great to bear!
" Is it his fault, if from his eyes
" Such soul-subduing glances dart?

" If in his smile such witchery lies
" As subjugates the virgin heart?
" Is it his fault, if in his song
" Such melting tenderness we trace?
" If wisdom flows from Jemmy's tongue,
" And every step betrays a grace?
" No, sisters, no! I'll ne'er believe
" That vanity his conduct guides;
" That he'll pursue, and then deceive
" The heart which in his truth confides.
" Then, sisters, bind my dark-brown hair,
" Arrange each flowing lock with art,
" Each little ornament prepare,
" To make me worthier Jemmy's heart."
Her sisters bound her dark-brown hair,
Arranged her flowing locks with art;

But in the church a wilier fair

Receiv'd false Jemmy's hand and heart!'

Poor Patty hears the bridal song,

She sees the bridal train appear,

She starts, she gazes on the throng,

But sighs not! speaks not! sheds no tear!

Pride gives her strength! she joins the rest,

This bridal retinue so gay!

She pins his favour on her breast!

Then sighs! but nothing still will say!

Paler and paler grew the rose

Which faintly blossom'd on her cheek!

Oft her meek eye to heaven she throws,

Yet still no sentence will she speak!

She would not injure him she loved!

She would not tell her tale of woe!

But onward moved, as others moved,
With step irresolute and slow!
She watch'd them to the bridal cot,
She sunk upon her bended knee,
Not once she curst her hard, hard lot,
But ceased to feel! and ceased to be!
Oft Patty's ghost, by Luna's beams,
Around the false-one's cot will glide,
But never haunt her Jemmy's dreams,
Or terrify the happier bride!
Oft, hovering o'er the sleeping youth,
She spreads her arms, in act to bless!
Poor victim of confiding truth!
Not e'en in death she loves him less!

METHOD IN MADNESS.

MAD SONG THE FIRST,

IN MY PASTORAL ROMANCE OF "THE COUSINS."

I.

In poor Arachne's loom I wove
A summer raiment for my love;
And then, to make it fine and gay,
With butterflies adorn'd it!
Their painted pinions shamed the day,
And yet—the urchin scorn'd it!

II.

Men call Panthea mad! but I
The naughty scoffing charge deny;
There was a meaning in my gift!
Aye, 'twas a roguish meaning!
Would you the latent mischief sift,
My hidden fancies gleaning?

III.

The cobweb robe pourtrays the arts
By which he snared poor maidens' hearts!
Then his inconstancy to prove,
  Wings from the fly I borrow!
Fit emblem of that changeful love,
  My pride once—now, my sorrow!

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH

WHO HAD LOST AN EYE.

I.

JULIO, should two meridian suns appear
With equal lustre in one cloudless sky,
Th' insufferable radiance who could bear?
Who would not from the brilliant mischiefs fly?

II.

But when one gracious orb's attemper'd rays
Benevolently beam on nature's breast,
We hail the blessing, and with fearless gaze,
And hearts expanding, greet the cheery guest.

III.

Then grieve not, Julio, if capricious fate,
Endowing thee with every manly grace,

Stole from that soft blue eye its gentle mate,

Since pity sits enthroned in beauty's place!

IV.

Had the twin rivals equal splendour shewn,

Perfection's palm had then been Julio's prize!

Admired, yet fear'd! each cautious maid had flown

From the sweet dangers of his conquering eyes!

V.

But now, in fond security they brave

The soften'd radiance: ah! rash girls, beware!

For treacherous Cupid plays the guilefill knave,

And baits, with pity baits, the specious snare!

VI.

Misfortune gives an interesting charm,

Which proud perfection never yet could boast!

And many a heart mere beauty could not warm,

Ensnared by pity, in love's toils is lost!

THE FAREWELL,

OR THE HYPOCRITE.

SONG IN MY PASTORAL ROMANCE.

I.

'Twas my hard fate to take a cold farewell!
To veil the struggles of a bursting heart!
To smile—in agony! forbade to tell
My soul's dear lord, " 'twas misery to part! "

II.

Yet, for a moment, to prolong his stay,
On subjects foreign to my thoughts I hung;
Before we met—O I had much to say!
But when we met—grief paralised my tongue!

III.

As the door closed which shut him from my sight,
My poor heart died! alas, I *felt* it die!

My sickening eye-balls shunn'd unwelcome light!
My struggling soul sought freedom in a sigh!

IV.

Hark! that sweet voice sounds plaintive on mine ear!
See! that loved form again transports my view!
Delusion all!—there is no Felix here!
And I have lived to breathe my last adieu!

V.

Say, did the dignity of virtue fail?
Did one obtrusive sigh my bosom swell?
Did my voice falter? did my cheek grow pale?
No—the poor Hypocrite dissembled well!

FELIX TO STELLA,

ON SEEING HER WEEP, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR FIRST MEETING.

FROM THE SAME.

I.

AH! why, my Stella, should a tear
Profane this blest auspicious day?
Have I not loved thee many a year?
And can *such* passion feel decay?
Thou sayst that "man was born to range!
"By nature and by custom taught,
"This strong impulsive wish to change
"Fills every avenue of thought!"

II.

In vain may yon fair flower disclose
Its opening beauties to the morn,

If mortals fear to pluck the rose,
  Lest they should suffer from its thorn!
Why wilt thou, trembling for the morrow,
  Scorn what the present can provide?
By searching for the thorns of sorrow,
  The flowers of bliss are scatter'd wide!

THE BLUSH.

FROM THE SAME.

In vain the timid maid may seek
To hide the weakness of her heart,
Since traitors lurk in either cheek,
The darling secret to impart!
O there's a witness in each eye,
Whose honest evidence is clear!
O there's a proof in every sigh!
A confirmation in each tear!
While, needle-like, the conscious face
Points to the heart, its polar star,
A blush is youth's sublimest grace!
The sun-beam stolen from Phœbus' car!

LAURA TO THE SNOW-DROP

WORN BY PHEDOR.

FROM THE SAME.

I.

Cold flower, why liest thou on my Phedor's breast?
That bosom which fond Love had made his throne,
When his young heart with energy confest
His hopes, his wishes, Laura, were thine own.

II.

Cold flower, thou on her bosom sure didst lie,
When prudence bade her doubt his dearest truth,
Nor dare the soft return, the genuine sigh,
Nor trust the unform'd character of youth.

III.

Ah! chilling flower, thou didst desert thy place
When Phedor's fickle fancy freely roved!
When many a nymph could Laura's form efface,
And Phedor could forget what once he loved!

IV.

Ah! chilling flower, should e'er some future maid
Essay to lure him with each wily art,
Then, then, resume thy station! lend thine aid,
And wrap thy freezing tendrils round his heart!

V.

But should the memory of his former love
Cling to his soul, and Laura still be dear,
O then, cold flower, from Phedor's breast remove!
The blushing rose must fill thy station there.

HAROLD.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

CURATE.

The earth is damp, the stone is cold,
The rain beats hard, and loud the wind;
Rise, maiden, rise, thy cares unfold,
Haply some comfort thou mayst find.

ANGELA.

Blow wind! beat rain upon my breast!
So may my earthly sorrows end!
Beneath this narrow tomb I'll rest,
Where, mould'ring, lies my only friend.

CURATE.

Tempt not thy God, unhappy maid!
Each mortal may his burden bear;

Call hope, religion, to thine aid,
And Heaven will shield thee from despair.

ANGELA.

Religion! hope! ah, name them not!
Have I not dared to outrage Heav'n?
Was not each pious hope forgot,
When every thought to love was giv'n?
Hear, pastor, hear my hapless tale,
Then bid my guilt, my sorrows, end:
Should pity in your breast prevail,
O lay me by my only friend:—
My mother, brothers, all expire!
Mute, mute, is every friendly tongue!
All but my venerable sire,
On whom each fond affection hung;
And here *he* lies! *I* laid him here!
My shame, my sin, my frenzy laid!

My eye-balls burn! not one, one tear!
O God! I dare not ask thine aid!—
Harold was beautiful and wise,
Harold was volatile and young;
Sense sparkled in his jetty eyes,
Persuasion mèlted on his tongue.
Made up of talents, graces, charms,
Whene'er he spoke, whene'er he moved,
Each female heart beat fond alarms;
All gazed, all listen'd, trembled, loved.
Grave with the grave, gay with the gay,
Most scientific with the wise,
He strikes the strings, or breathes the lay,
Laughs, argues, dances, sings, or sighs.
O such a glorious creature ne'er
To bless a mortal was design'd!

We loved; yet oft some rival fair,
With jealous anguish, rack'd my mind.
Lured by the fulsome breath of praise,
Of universal conquest vain,
To all he prostitutes his lays,
And seeks each vulgar heart to gain.
Hence many a tender quarrel rose!
Hence sweeter reconcilement grew!
For with redoubled fondness glows
The maid, who fears her love untrue;
Who fears, half trustingly! whose eye
From dread conviction's painful light
Willingly turns! whose timid sigh
Betrays a doubt, in hope's despite.

CURATE.

O Jealousy! love's wayward child,
Who on the parent-bosom preys,

What dangers, midst thy frenzies wild,
May mark the guiltless virgin's ways!
But haste thee, fair one, to my cot,
There sympathy its aid shall lend;
Mine be the dear, the envied lot,
To be the mourner's only friend.

ANGELA.

No, I have kill'd my only friend!
With hands unhallow'd dug his grave!
Here shall my sin, my sorrows end!
In vain thine arm is stretch'd to save.
Dark was the night, loud howl'd the wind,
My ancient sire was far away;
Strange terrors fill'd my timid mind
As Luna cast a wat'ry ray.
But soon the clattering hoofs resound,
No more suspense disturbs my rest;

" He comes!" I cried, " my father's found!
" No: Harold clasps me to his breast!"
Harold, my lovely truant, came,
Heated with wine, with love inspired,
He gave his faults a softer name,
And hope, relumed, my bosom fired!
He swore each conquest to resign;
My love with int'rest he return'd:
I saw him—and I saw him *mine!*
Him, whose inconstancy I mourn'd.
O such a flood of fondness stole
O'er this poor persecuted heart!
These tears which o'er my bosom roll,
Ah! do they not my guilt impart?
Ne'er can these agonies subside!
I meekly kiss affliction's rod!

For I forgot my woman's pride,

Forgot my fame, forgot my God!

Next morn with burning blushes rose;

Such blushes tinged my guilty cheek,

When Harold sought to soothe my woes,

And comfort to my bosom speak.

He curs'd the sad excess of love,

Pray'd, knelt, and wept, but all in vain;

No prayer this stubborn breast could move,

No penitence relieve my pain.

CURATE.

Equal in sin, though not in shame,

Did he not claim thee as his bride?

ANGELA.

My proud, proud soul *denied* the claim!

I fled, my miseries to hide!

Fled from the being I adored!

Fled from the monarch of my heart!

Refused to wed my bosom's lord,

And dared—from Harold dared to part!

My father heard the guilty tale,

But he was merciful, was mild;

He led me to a distant vale,

He pitied his repentant child.

Once every year, in boy's attire,

I sought to view my Harold's face;

Then, on the bosom of my sire,

Again I wept my foul disgrace.

Thus pass'd five years in ceaseless pain;

The sixth!—O heaven! what varied woe!

Now, now thy cares, my sire, are vain!

I sink beneath the dreadful blow!

Married!—MY Harold!—O NOT mine!

Another's Harold!—through my veins

What wildfire rushes!—now supine,

Now sad, now frantic!—*Madness reigns!*

Triumphant madness spread the loom

To weave my bridal robes so gay!

Triumphant madness fixt the doom

Of yon old man, with locks so gray!

Triumphant madness rules me now!

Preacher avaunt! my woes shall end!

Here, pluck this garland from my brow!

Now, lay me by my only friend.

ANSWER

TO SOME FLATTERING LINES FROM S. S. ESQ.

Erewhile, when little Hebe smiling led
Her young companion to her vernal bowers,
With liberal hand when blest Hygeia spread
O'er Ella's blushing cheek health's roseate flowers,
When innocent delights and laughing joys,
Shook from Hope's pinions, revell'd in her air,
When Vanity held forth her glittering toys,
And falsely whisper'd she was passing fair;
Not even then, the wary maid,
By such self-flatteries betray'd,
With daring hand would aim one dart
Against a rover's guarded heart;
Her soul's sole wish was but to bind
The true, the tender, virtuous mind.

Now, when six lustres have subdued
  The fragile arms of health and youth,
Can she (with vanity embued)
  Take idle compliment for truth?
Or weakly trust the flattering lays
Which speak an ancient maiden's praise?
  Ah! no, Cherinthus, tune your lyre
  To sing of friendship's hallow'd fire;
  Of quiet virtues, which controul
  Each youthful turbulence of soul;
  Of pious hopes, which fondly rest
  On meek religion's matron breast.
Then, then may Ella's grateful heart
  Each tender eulogy approve;
In all your sorrows bear a part,
  And hail you with a sister's love.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,

WHO IN EARLY LIFE WAS THROWN INTO A DANGEROUS SOCIETY.

I.

PURE child of nature, rest thee as thou art;
Friends they are *not*, who urge thee to forego
The timid glance which speaks th' unpractised heart,
Whose chasten'd fires with milder radiance glow.
Friends they are *not*, who scorn the modest ray
Which through the sable curtain of thine eye
Tremblingly beams!—Too fierce the glare of day,
When no light summer cloud corrects the sky!
The bold intrepid stare, the gaze assured,
Tells how, in every vice, the worldling is matured!

II.

Friends they are *not*, who ridicule the blush
Quick mantling o'er that ever-varying cheek;
'Tis innocence! whose soul-subduing flush
A language more than mortal seems to speak!
Looks not the lily loveliest, when the rose
Bends o'er her blossoms, lending foreign grace?
Thus, on the cheek of youth, the warm blush shews:
'Tis Virtue's Banner, waved o'er Beauty's Face!
O what, like sacred Innocence, can warm?
Shouldst thou forget to blush, thou wouldst forget to charm.

SONNET.

MAN'S PROGRESS THROUGH LIFE COMPARED TO THE PROGRESS OF THE DAY.

GAY Hope, the sweet Aurora of life's morn,
'Gilds our horizon with auspicious ray,
Giving glad promise that advancing day
The sun of joy shall steadily adorn:
But, ah! of all his beams that sun is shorn!
Shorn of his beams, alas! he will not stay,
But hides his head in clouds, and shrinks away!
Then the changed scene, cold, comfortless, forlorn,
Yields but a dreary prospect to our view;
Then the late heaven a wilderness appears,
The objects still the same, but changed their hue;
Nature's once smiling face is wash'd in tears,
Till twilight apathy, in murky blue,
Ushers in death! kind night, to veil our fears!

THE BOY AND BUTTERFLY.

PROUD of its little day, enjoying
The lavish sweets kind nature yields,
In harmless sports each hour employing,
Ranging the gardens, woods, and fields,
A lonely Butterfly extending
Its grateful wing to Sol's warm beams,
No dreaded danger saw impending,
But bask'd secure, in peaceful dreams.
A wandering urchin view'd this treasure
Of gaudy colours fine and gay;
Thoughtless, consulting but his pleasure,
He chased it through the live-long day.
At last the young but sly dissembler
Appear'd to follow other flies,

Then turning, seized the little trembler,
Who crush'd beneath his fingers, dies!
Surprised, he sees the hasty ruin
His reckless cruelty had wrought;
The victim (which, so long pursuing,
Scarce rais'd a wish, or claim'd a thought)
Now bids the tears of genuine sorrow
O'er his repentant bosom flow!
Yet—he'll forget it ere the morrow,
And deal to others equal woe!—
Thus the vain man, with subtle feigning,
Pursues, o'ertakes, poor woman's heart:
But soon his hapless prize disdaining,
She dies! the victim of his art.

THE FAWN AND LILY.

I.

ATTENDED by her favourite Fawn,
Her garments fluttering to the wind,
A blooming nymph, at early dawn,
Brush'd o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,
In haste her nurseling flower to find.

II.

" See how my Lily proudly rears
" Her haughty head of merit vain!
" The garb of innocence she wears,
" Begemm'd by morning's pearly tears,
" And blooms the sovereign of the plain!

III.

" Time must respect that spotless breast,
" And turn his scythe some other way:
" Attended, guarded, and carest,
" The fairest, sweetest, purest, best—
" Her charms shall flourish many a day!"

IV.

Young Norah spoke, and homeward hied,
But as her steps she careless bends,
Her Fawn, deserting from her side,
Humbling the Lily's boasted pride,
From the tall stem the blossom rends.

V.

Ah! lovely maid, your Lily's fate
Perhaps was not decreed in vain!

While thus in conscious worth elate,

Learn, you but tempt dark envy's hate!

Pre-eminence is *woman's bane!*

VI.

The shafts of malice seldom fail!

Scandal arrests the passing hour!

What, what will innocence avail?

Each rival propagates the tale!

And then—affliction crops life's flow'r!

AURORA,

OR THE MAD TALE MADLY TOLD.

'Tis night. And this the fearful hour
When yawning graves resign their dead;
Oblivion's god asserts his pow'r,
And slowly rising from his bed,
O'er all extends a magic hand,
And gently waves his leaden wand;
All nature owns the powerful sway,
Man, beast, and bird, the god obey.
The streams scarce murmur as they flow,
The bellowing winds forget to blow,
The light waves gently kiss the shore,
And noise and tumult wake no more.

No sound is heard,

Save when the melancholy bird

Flaps her dull wing, and wheels her heavy flight

Through the dark regions of the shadowy night.—

But who is she, with looks so wild,

Whose white robes catch the moon's pale beam?

Sure she is sorrow's favourite child!

Of peace bereft, of hope beguil'd,

Her dim eyes faintly gleam!

Yet ever and anon they pour forth sorrow's stream.

Poor girl! thine are no common woes!

See how to heaven her arms she throws,

Now to the church-yard bends her way,

And crowns her frantic head with flowers;

Then, on her taper fingers counts the long-resounding

hours!

AURORA.

" Full thirteen moons are gone and past,

" And this the place, and this the day

" Of happiness, too great to last!

" 'Twas here Alindor, perjured youth,

" To young Aurora pledged his truth;

" Yet, ere the ceremony ends,

" Truth and Alindor seem no longer friends!

" O my poor brain's on fire!—

" Yes, yes, I laugh'd to see

" This triumph of duplicity!

" Saw you yon mincing dame in proud attire?

" The bold one claim'd his vows!

" Woman, avaunt! thou never wert his spouse.

" But wherefore wax his cheeks so pale?

" Why close those eyes of heavenly blue?

" My life! my love! I scorn the tale;

" Aurora still believes thee true!

" She loves thee, dearest! loving thee—confides:

" Who shall dare say Alindor has two brides?

" Or who shall say that candid smile

" Was but the spurious babe of art?

" Sure heavenly natures know no guile;

" Thine was no false, no canker'd heart.

" O thou art pure, as are the blest above,

" And I were much to blame to doubt thy love!

" But wherefore wax his cheeks so pale?

" Why close those eyes of heavenly blue?

" Conviction hangs upon the tale!

" O all ye gods! yes, yes—'tis true!

" And see, he bends, he sinks to earth!

" Lovely in death!——

" When parching Eurus, with destructive breath,

" Gives the mad whirlwind birth,

" And wide around her leafy honours throws,

" So bends, in beautiful decay, the withering rose!

" Come, let me warm thee with a burning sigh!

" 'Tis for Aurora, not for thee to die!

" For what is she?—a poor deserted maid!

" To love, to grief, to infamy betray'd!

" Unclose those eyes! I can forgive—

" But must not, dare not live!

" Stranger, sit thee down awhile,

" I have a tale to tell shall make thee smile.

" Close in the king-cup hides the generous bee,

" The honey sips, but never harms the flow'r:

" While here, the type of murderous man we see!

" Here the fell spider wantons in his pow'r,

" Forgets the kindly shelter he receives,

" And poisons the poor plant, whose breast that shelter gives!

" My tale is told, my task is done,

" My life is spent, my hour-glass run!

" Behold, on yon swift-sailing cloud

" He rides! triumphant o'er the grave!

" He beckons me, he calls aloud;

" Light on the gale his amber ringlets wave,

" The sweets of paradise perfume his breath!

" See how these two new meteors grace the skies!

" Astrologers suspect not they're his eyes!

" Poor knaves! but little knowing, much they'll own!

" This science was reserved for love alone!

" Love penetrates the caves of death!

" Old Neptune's secret haunts explores,

" Rides on a billow to his distant shores,

" Mounts to the stars, inspects the moon;

" And if the cold, but fickle fair,

" Detains some wandering lover there,

" Love claims him soon!

" Yet still night's queen her influence maintains,

" And though she yields his heart, she gambols in his brains.

" My tale is told, my task is done,

" My life is spent, my hour-glass run.

" Stranger, adieu! I must away,

" My loved Alindor blames Aurora's stay."

Light as the thistle-down she flew

To Neptune's pebbly shore;

The stranger rush'd to save

The lovely maniac from a wat'ry grave;

Round her fair form his sheltering arms he threw.

Horror of horrors! she was seen no more!

He but embraced—a shroud!—

Wild peals of laughter, long and loud,

Convulsed the air!—and church-yard records say

This maniac had been dead a year, a month, and day!

THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.

SONG IN MY PASTORAL ROMANCE OF "THE COUSINS."

I.

O SHOULD life's winter, scattering snow,
Pale this gay ringlet's auburn dye,
Still may endear'd remembrance show
How once it glow'd in Edmond's eye!
Should this shrunk frame, by sickness bow'd,
Each vestige lose of former grace,
Time's victim let fond memory shroud,
And friendship smile in passion's place!

II.

When from this dim, this clouded eye,
Th' electric fires of love are flown,

May recollection's grateful sigh
Tell thee, how brilliant once they shone!
And should the blossom from my cheek
By some rough blast be rudely torn,
Then, then, let faithful memory speak,
And shield me from my Edmond's scorn!

THE QUARREL.

FROM THE SAME.

I.

WHAT have I done? in what have I offended?
That thus with alter'd looks, and cold regards,
My doom is fixt, ere yet my trial's ended,
And scorn the truest tenderness rewards!
I ask not for thy love, or would obtain thee;
Honour forbids that blessing should be mine:
Yet I so dote, that I would die to gain thee,
Were we both free, and poverty was thine!

II.

If it be sin in secret to adore thee,
Hide latent passion under friendship's guise;

If it be sin thus humbly to implore thee,
And read love's volume in those speaking eyes;
If it be sin these agonies to prove,
T' exhale my very being in a sigh;
If it be sin to love—as angels love!
Gods! gods! how great a criminal am I!

HUMBLE LOVE.

IN THE SAME.

O WHAT had I to do to love thee!
Wert thou not, sweet, too far above me!
Nature, in a lavish mood,
Made thee beauteous, wise, and good;
Alas! too exquisitely bright,
A sun too fierce for mortal sight!
Who but the soaring eagle dares,
With stedfast eye, explore the spheres,
Meet the full blaze of gorgeous day,
And brave the insufferable ray?
Then—what had I to do to love thee!
Sure at a distance I may gaze,
And, Persian-like, with prayer and praise,

(Though doom'd on earth's dull sphere to move)
Hail the bright planet of my love,
Still with religious fervor glow!
Yet what am I, that thou shouldst look so low?
Yes, Nature gave her stores to thee,
And play'd the step-mother with me;
From those rich stores, mine was so poor a part,
My only legacy—a heart!
Nay, to that heart I every claim resign!
Then take it, maiden, take it, it is thine!
And thou, though placed so far above me,
Scorn me not, sweet, because I love thee!
Others may boast superior grace,
The charms of form, the charms of face;
A livelier wit, a fresher youth,
The world's smooth varnish which disguises truth;

In all the arrogance of ease,
A power, without a wish to please!
For by the wish, the power is lost:
He ever pleases least, who feels the most!
Far, far from me, such powers to move!
Here, all is moderate—but my love!
These senseless words, these downcast eyes,
This awkward blush, these stifled sighs,
Love's *humbled* votary reveal!
Obtrusive merits seldom feel!
And if the tale too well he told,
Believe it tinsel!—mine is gold!
Yet what had I to do to love thee,
Since thou wert placed so far above me!

THE BLUE EYES.

SONG IN THE SAME.

O saw ye not two vagrant stars
In evening's sapphire spoils array'd,
Turn to the earth their silvery cars,
And dart refulgence through the shade?
They stole a dew-drop from the morn,
They stole a sun-beam from the day,
Stole the blue robe by evening worn,
And clad the sober nymph in grey.
O saw ye not the hours descend,
From each sweet thief their own to claim?
Heard ye not Love their cause defend?
And fled not Justice at Love's name?

THE LILY.

SONG IN THE SAME.

I.

Soft, sensitive, and true! the female breast
Once, and once only, feels Love's potent pain;
Proves his resistless power, by all confest,
Encircling reason with a magic chain!

II.

Its modest beauties to the glare of day
Once, and once only, thus the Lily rears:
Sever its blossoms—vain each genial ray!
Though the plant live, no second bloom it bears.

SENT IN COL. B.'S NAME TO THE FAIR FRIENDS IN QUEEN-SQUARE.

I.

SABINA'S shape and Celia's eyes
The wavering Thyrsis fondly sung;
'Tis thus, divided, Barry sighs
For Weston's taste, and Powell's tongue

II.

The first, with flowing language charms,
With easy eloquence persuades,
Steals softly to the heart she warms,
And mines the tower—her friend invades.

III.

Rushing impetuous on the foe.
Scorning procrastinated war,

The witty Powell aims her blow,

And conquest waits upon her car.

IV.

Two fair allies my heart enthral!

O say, on which depends my fate?

On her whose skill has sapp'd the wall,

Or her whose petards shook the gate?

ELEGY IN CLARIBELL.

WHY am I fated still that form to view,
Yet know those beauties never must be mine!
How hard those fervid feelings to subdue,
Which take their rise in excellence like thine!
How hard to know I never must possess
The hand, the heart, which I would die to gain!
To feel, to know, I cannot love thee less!
Yet feel, and know, this love must be in vain!
O had our happier fortunes bade us meet
Ere yet th' indissoluble knot was tied,
Love had not then been sin! but smoothly sweet
In one unruffled calm life's stream would glide.
Improvident of bliss! that hand was given,
Was lightly yielded, ere thy kindred soul

Appear'd, to claim the dearest boon of heaven,
That other *half*, which forms the perfect *whole*.
My single sorrows I could proudly bear,
And, had I known thee blest, have hush'd each sigh
But when I view the trace of many a tear
On that soft cheek, 'twere better far to die!
When that mild eye with languid sweetness tells
The storied anguish of a sorrowing heart,
Still rigid prudence the fond wish repels,
The fond, but blameless wish, to soothe thy smart.
O ever lovely! ever greatly loved!
Must I then seem unconscious of thy woes?
Behold an angel's agonies unmoved,
Nor dare one sympathizing pang disclose?
The stern possessor of those heavenly charms
Knows not their value! slights the glorious prize!

While I—O Claribell! in those dear arms
I ne'er should envy aught beneath the skies!
Though death were to succeed the blissful boon,
With grateful rapture life I would resign,
If for the space of one revolving moon,
One short, short moon, thou, Claribell, wert mine!
Then, then, thou dear one! 'twould be ours to prove
The sweet solicitudes affection feels;
The tender offices of genuine love,
The blush, the glance, which all that love reveals.
How sweet with fond officiousness to trace
Each harmless wish which fills that beauteous breast!
Hourly to gaze, enamour'd, on that face!
Hush all thy sorrows, lull thy cares to rest!
O in my bosom I would hide them all,
And call them blessings, if sustain'd for thee!

O on my head might each affliction fall,
So thou, my Claribell, so thou wert free!
And should kind Heaven, in pity to our truth,
That one short moon prolong to many a year,
In age more cherish'd than in blooming youth,
By grateful memory render'd doubly dear,
How would mine own infirmities subside,
While this sustaining arm supports thy frame!
How would "the wife be dearer than the bride!"
Thy beauties faded, yet thy soul the same!
Of age, or sickness, when the pallid hue
Steals o'er thy cheek, to rifle all thy charms,
Endear'd remembrance, to affection true,
Should paint those beauties which first blest mine ar
Then, in each wrinkle of that faded face,
Would laughing loves in ambush seem to lie,

Sport midst thy silvery locks, revive each grace,
And dart refulgence from a powerless eye!
Thus age should yield the treasures of our prime,
Thus love's sweet relics memory should save,
Thus should we buffet all the storms of time,
And hand in hand glide gently to the grave!

CONSTANCE TO MYRA.

IN THE SAME.

In vain, fond girl, would you recover
Your influence o'er your roving lover!
O 'tis most true,
Man's flame is fervent only while 'tis new!
He fondly hugs, then breaks the darling chain,
Nor can the truest heart e'er lure him back again!
You were all-perfect once! then how,
Yourself unchanged, are you all error now?
Search, search in nature's book, and you will find
Your faults are in his *eye*, not in your *mind!*
Pursuit to man is all!—the heart obtain'd
Is valueless as soon as gain'd.
And though heaven open'd on your guileless face,
He there would trace

Ten thousand blemishes; while some new love,
Array'd in all your wonted charms, would move!
But soon this object of his new desires,
When sickly fancy palls, shall mourn his fading fires.
Poor silly girl! let not a rover's name
With wild emotions shake your shatter'd frame;
Recall your pride, your reason, to your aid,
And be his cold neglects with scorn repaid.—
Alas! when hapless woman dares to love,
Nought can remove
The barbed arrow rankling in her heart,
But every effort deeper drives the dart.
Should female dignity no aid supply,
Die, Myra, die!
Nor yield fresh triumphs to inconstancy.

THE AVARICE OF LOVE.

IN THE SAME.

I.

The tender jealousies, the fears,
Which hourly rend my throbbing breast,
Which daily steep mine eyes in tears,
And nightly rob me of my rest,
O blame them not!—do they not prove
The value of my treasured joys?
'Tis but the Avarice of Love,
Which every passing sound annoys!

II.

Thou art so fair, so wond'rous sweet,
Thy love such raptures can bestow,

That in each countenance I meet
I read a rival! see a foe!
The blessing I so fondly prize
Others may covet, and obtain:
What wonder then if doubts arise,
And love becomes the source of pain?

THE WAFER.

IN THE SAME.

A LETTER? heavens! 'tis from that hand adored,
'Tis from the sovereign of this captived breast!
What soothing magic hangs on every word,
How sweetly is her tenderness exprest!
Ah! wherefore then, with disappointed hope,
Swells my sad eye with unavailing tears?
'Tis thus ungrateful autumn seems to droop
When the pale sun a sickly aspect wears.
Though much he gave, yet craving still for more,
The thirsty season drinks his parting beam,
And, fondly froward, counts those treasures o'er
Which bloom'd, which glow'd, but vanish'd in a dream!

Ah! dear my love, on vulgar minds bestow
The pompous blazon of proud heraldry,
Or bid the yielding wax the impression shew
Of doves, darts, hearts—Love's gay artillery!
But if to *me* thy vows thou wouldst renew,
To me, dear maid, a sweeter cement send,
And from that rosy lip's celestial dew
To the pure wafer Hybla's treasures lend.
Then, then, might timid Love assert his claim;
His fond resolve no threat'ning frown could shake!
If his the blessing—O not thine the shame,
Since fancy gave the kiss he dared not take!

SLIGHT IMITATION OF "C'EST POUR TOI QUE JE LES ARRANGE," IN BLAIZE ET BABET.

I.

ALINDA rose at early morn
Love's tributary gift to bear;
She pluckt the wild rose from the thorn,
To wind it in her Julian's hair.
Alas! dear youth, these fragrant flow'rs
A short, but sweet existence prove!
Too frail to picture truth like ours,
Who only live that we may love!

II.

And when the blooms of youth are past,
And when these eyes have lost their fires,
Yet still my tenderness shall last,
For love but with my life expires!

O wilt thou then forget my years,
The shocks of time undaunted prove;
And seek to soothe her tender fears
Whose very life of life is love?

III.

Mark, Julian, mark yon insect gay,
Who reckless roves from flow'r to flow'r;
Ah! waste not thus youth's joyous day,
But give to love each roseate hour!
Remember that these futile fires
The meteors of the moment prove:
Mine, only with my life expires!
Alinda's vital spark was love!

A CHARACTER

DRAWN FROM LIFE.

Strong intellect! perception quick and clear,
Talents more prone to dazzle than to warm;
Virtues which serve those talents to endear,
Feelings which lend a fascinating charm!
A winning countenance and glowing soul,
Insinuating manners, soft and mild;
Genius, submitting to the proud control
Of Judgment, Reason's last and favourite child!
Nature design'd this creature to be great,
But Vanity behind the matron stole,
And ere she closed the volume of his fate,
Wrote her own name, and propertied the whole!

GERTRUDE, OR THE HEROINE.

A TALE.

GERTRUDE.

Low my noble brothers lie
On the deep-ensanguined plain!
My gallant uncle welters nigh,
In the blood of kindred slain!
Who, my father, who shall save
Thy feeble age, thy shatter'd frame,
Till time shall yield thee to the grave,
And memory sigh o'er Armin's name?—
Ah! Leontine, and could you lead
Against my sire your hostile band?
You, who so late his daughter freed,
When captived by a lawless hand!

Why from the fierce banditti bear
The trembling, shrinking, shrieking maid,
If thus, to plunge her in despair,
And thus her parent's rights invade?

DUKE ARMIN.

My daughter, cease this tender woe,
Thy Leontine is brave and good;
Though doom'd to be thy father's foe,
Though doom'd to shed thy kindred blood!
By his ambitious sire misled,
Deceived by many a wily art,
The generous prince has fought, has bled,
And comes—to pierce thy father's heart!

GERTRUDE.

Thy heart, my father?—shall a boy,
A stripling, wound that manly frame?

No, by the gods! this glittering toy
No more shall boast a conqueror's name!
Give me the shield my brother bore,
Give me the casque which girt his head,
The breast-plate which in haste you tore
From the cold bosom of the dead.
Thou, Herald, with the panting breath,
Ah, speak! what mean these loud alarms?
These shouts of triumph, shrieks of death,
Terrific clang of hostile arms?

HERALD.

Lady, the foe their ladders place;
Our soldiers from the ramparts fly.

GERTRUDE, *arming herself.*

Thy blessing, father!—then Heaven's grace
Shall teach to conquer or to die.

DUKE ARMIN.

The mildest unpretending maid,
Who blush'd, who trembled at a sound,
Say, can her feeble efforts aid
These warlike bands now gathering round?

GERTRUDE.

No more the woman in my fears,
I've all the daughter in my breast!
Love, and love's follies, had my tears!
'Tis past!—now virtue claims the rest.
Then give the shield my brother bore,
And give the casque which girt his head,
The breast-plate which in haste you tore
From the cold bosom of the dead.

Young Ronald's breast-plate graced the maid,
Young Ronald's visor veil'd her charms,

Her hand on Ronald's sword she laid,
And proudly clank'd his iron arms.
She rush'd impetuous on the foe!
She seem'd to stiffen to the storm!
Death follow'd each eventful blow!
Mars borrow'd Cytherea's form!
Hurl'd from the ramparts, many a chief
Crush'd many a warrior in his fall!
New legions rush to their relief,
New engines bear upon the wall.

GERTRUDE.

Turn, Leontine! behold in me
Duke Armin's sole remaining joy,
Destin'd to set his country free,
And punish a presuming boy.
'Tis Ronald, Gertrude's brother, speaks,
Gertrude, who loved thee but too well!

Duke Armin's son with ardour seeks
To break the fascinating spell.
Turn, sorcerer, turn, and through this heart
Explore the way to Gertrude's breast;
But let our guiltless soldiers part,
Nor dare our combat to molest.
Then woo her in her brother's blood!
Woo her in bed-rid Armin's fears!
Convert to *ill* her country's *good!*
And buy her with her people's tears!

The youth the bold defiance heard,
And waved his warriors to forbear,
Then smiling at each boastful word,
He poized his jav'lin high in air.
Terribly beauteous in his ire,
He *was* the *hero! look'd* the *god!*

His dark eye flash'd resentful fire,
While o'er each prostrate foe he strode.
But soon a softer feeling stole
The plumes of conquest from his crest;
Her fragile form, but daring soul,
Creates an interest in his breast.

LEONTINE.

Poor child! thy fragile, tender, frame
Can ill the glorious contest brave;
And lovely Gertrude's cherish'd name
Pleads to my heart thy life to save.

GERTRUDE.

I fear thee not! Heaven on my side,
What matters it if weak mine arm?
In Heaven, in Justice, I confide,
Nor feels my soul one dread alarm.

Brave prince, should victory be mine,
Thy forces must forsake these plains:
If thine the blessing, I resign
These, our proud tow'rs, and wide domains:
Should we both fall, let discord cease
Between our angry sires to rage.

LEONTINE.

I swear it, youth! and smiling peace
Shall glad the hoary warrior's age.

And now the prince, like the stiff oak,
Unmoved each dreadful shock sustains:
The wary Gertrude shuns each stroke,
But strength deserts her fever'd veins!
Urged by despair, she nearer drew
To the high rampart's frowning side,

Her white arms round the youth she threw,
And thus in ecstasy she cried—
"My father's saved!"—Then leapt the mound,
The youth still clasp'd in her embrace!
Their mangled limbs bestrew the ground,
And victory to death gives place!
The helmet loosen'd from her head,
Th' expiring prince beheld his love:
But quickly number'd with the dead,
Their spirits sought the realms above.
One grave received the valiant pair,
Their dirge the weeping warriors sung,
And meek-eyed maids, with pensive air,
Round the grey stone fresh garlands hung.

TO ONE FALSELY SUPPOSED A FRIEND.

I HAD a flower, a blooming flower!
I found it almost perish'd;
I bore it to my favourite bower,
And long the nurseling cherish'd!
Each morn, each eve, with tenderest care
My sweetest of all duties,
Was still to guard this flowret fair,
And watch its opening beauties!
Say, must the hand which rear'd its head
To crush it be extended,
Because its poisonous bosom shed
A vapour which offended?
No! rather let this sick'ning frame,
Its dangerous sweets inhaling,

Shrink to a shadow, to a name,
  Ere to this flower be failing!
Men call it Friendship;—fair to view,
  'Twas once my dearest blessing:
Ah, Theodore! it rests with you
  To make it worth possessing.
Yes, yes, my friend, howe'er unkind,
  Capricious, or presuming,
Your conduct presses on my mind,
  My soul's best peace consuming.
Yet the fond memory of the past,
  Of friendship dearly treasured,
Still bids my faithful feelings last,
  Though thine their course have measured!

THE ADIEU TO LOVE.

FROM MY PASTORAL ROMANCE.

I.

WHAT is't that wears an angel's face,
A countenance all smiling,
A fair form, robed in witching grace,
Malicious, yet beguiling?
From hell the gorgeous mischief came,
To fill the world with wailing;
Love was the subtle demon's name,
O'er men, o'er gods prevailing.

II.

O Love! thou art made up of fears,
Of jealousies, and anguish:
Thou thrivest on thy victim's tears,
Thou joy'st to see him languish!

Traitor, avaunt! I know thee now,
In vain wouldst thou deceive me;
Indifference binds my sturdy brow,
And bids no more believe thee.

III.

Religion, charity, and peace,
My grateful bosom swelling,
Shall bid tumultuous passions cease;
Content shall bless my dwelling.
Content? ah no!—this languid breast
Each ardent wish resigning,
Sinks slowly to eternal rest,
Desponding, not repining.

IV.

A sweet chimera led me on:
Hope pointed to perfection!

I sought to find the only one
Who claim'd my soul's election:
Alas! that dear one *seem'd* in view,
But when I grasp'd the blessing,
Some latent vice, or folly new,
Shew'd—'twas not worth possessing.

V.

Say, must this heart, like Noah's dove,
No resting-place discover?
This ardent soul, so form'd for love,
Forget to be the lover?
Yes! since my Amoret's untrue,
Since time such loves could sever,
To the vain god I bid adieu
For ever, and for ever!

TO YOUTH.

First-born of Nature, and to Nature dear,
Sweet frolic Hebe, of this nether sphere,
O with thy nameless graces, nameless charms,
Quick-mantling blushes, sensitive alarms,
Bright auburn tresses, waving to the wind,
Loose flowing robes, by fashion unconfined,
Light footsteps bounding o'er the green,
Soul-thrilling, love-inspiring mien,
Joy-dimpling cheek, and heaven-ward eye,
Wild notes of rapture rushing to the sky,
Fantastic wishes, easily believed,
Credulity, still trusting, still deceived;
O with those smiles which mock the lures of art,
O with those warm affections of the heart,

Ingenuous goddess! here prolong thy reign,
O'er willing captives fling thy magic chain!
Alas! 'tis otherwise decreed:
Another sovereign must succeed,
And fill thine abdicated throne!
With thee, enthusiast nymph, are flown
Love's witcheries, friendship's hallow'd fires,
Each graceful folly sanguine hope inspires,
Each tender sympathy, each air-built shed,
All, all with thee, enthusiast nymph, are fled!
And must dull apathy succeed?
Must the torn breast forget to bleed,
When pity, friendship, love, inflict the wound?
See on the ground
The early blossoms of young virtues lie!
They fade! they die!

By wintry blasts nipt in their prime,

The lovely flowrets wither ere their time!

Exhausted Nature makes her moan

For all their golden glories gone!

Her fond regrets are vain:

The first-born of her love expire;

No genial fire

And no invigorating sun

Shall wake them into life again!

And should another progeny arise,

The rank dull weed alone would meet the mother's eyes.

THE FADING ROSE.

FROM ONE OF MY NOVELS.

Come, lovely flower, and rest thee near my heart;
What though triumphant beauty's reign is o'er,
Thy fading charms may boast the dearer art,
To interest, though to dazzle be no more!
Or if thou thus art graceful in decay,
What wert thou when in glowing glories drest,
Thy budding beauties burst upon the day,
And zephyr panted on thy balmy breast?
I saw thee not, in all thy pride of charms,
When conquering excellence, with haughty hand,
Swept from each rival flower its powerless arms,
And ruled with sweet, but insolent command.

I saw thee not, till o'er thy drooping head,
Time-stricken, robb'd of every vivid hue,
An interesting languor gradual spread;
But with thy weakness my enchantment grew!
Too delicate to last, the fervid ray
Of thirsty summer deeply drank thy prime;
Awhile expanded to the fires of day,
Then drooping, sinking, withering ere thy time!
See, wanton winds disperse thy sweets around!
Near thee, expectant, many an insect flies!
Ah! tell me, sweetest, was one flutterer found
Whose high pretension gain'd the envied prize?
Yet tell me not—for if one vagrant bee
Presumed thy hoarded treasures to invade,
Still, still thou mayst be sweet!—but not for me!
Then, every visionary bliss must fade!

Affection claims the purity it brings,

Or Love's enthusiasm at once subsides:

The god himself enamour'd, folds his wings

When delicacy o'er each wish presides.

SONG

IN THE SAME.

I.

MIDST rocks and caverns let me dwell,
O'er desart wilds and woodlands rove;
Grief seeks the silence of the cell,
And solitude's the nurse of love.
There was a time—but, oh! 'tis gone!
When life had dearer joys to boast;
Hope steer'd this little vessel on;
A storm arose, and hope—was lost!

II.

View, Claribell, yon withering tree,
Th' unfruitful tenant of the plain;
'Tis there the emblem thou mayst see
Of one, whose blasted hopes are vain.

Life now hath little left in store,
For her whose dearest wish was crost:
Each dream of happiness is o'er,
The shadow with the substance lost!

III.

Here, where with him I fondly stray'd,
Here let my sorrows sink to rest;
My bones beneath this sod be laid,
My memory live—but in his breast!
Yet lest his conscious tears should flow,
And vain regrets his bosom move,
Never, O never may he know
The hapless Constance died for love!

ON THE DEATH OF

THE HON. A. TREFUSIS.

O BLEST with every charm, with every grace,
An angel's mildness, with an angel's face;
Pure in her conduct, spotless in her heart,
With playful innocence, disdaining art;
Discreet, yet frolic, civil, yet sincere,
To some she gave an alms, to some a tear;
Her beams diffused on all, she seem'd a sun,
Woo'd by the world, but by her duties won!
Form'd to strew roses o'er the paths of life,
As friend, as sister, mother, or as wife;
No more the wife, the mother, sister, friend:
Death snaps the chord—and all connexions end!

O death! if all the daughter in my breast
Swells it with sighs which will not be suppress,
Yet all the Christian hastens to controul
The guilty murmurs of a suffering soul.
My friend! my mother! shall I dare repine?
Too good for earth—heaven claim'd a soul like thine.
Meekly I bend to kiss affliction's rod—
The sacrifice I make, is made to God!

MEDORUS,

OR THE MALE COQUET.

A TALE.

" The feather'd snow, though gently lighting
On early spring's unripen'd bloom,
Has power, each lovely promise blighting,
To rob it of its rich perfume.
Thus, in the early dawn of feeling,
Hope's budding blossoms strive to blow,
Till cold neglect, their powers congealing,
Lays all their blushing honours low!
Ah! better far at once to perish,
Ere summer suns their sweets mature,
Than, first, the sickly plant to cherish,
Then bid it—chilling frosts endure."

Thus poor Paulina, deeply sighing,
Drew the sad outline of her fate!
Man's victim! by his treachery dying,
She thus bemoan'd her hopeless state:—
" No cold neglect, my soul's sweet treasure,
Chill'd love's first promise in my heart!
Hope wore the silken robes of pleasure,
And veil'd love's thorns with treacherous art!
When those dark eyes, with fondness beaming,
Fixt on my face their ardent gaze,
Alas! was all this love—but seeming?
But meant false flattering hopes to raise?
Why, lovely meteor, lead to ruin?
Why steep the senses in delight?
Still, shadow-like, my steps pursuing,
Each grace obtruded on my sight,

Each letter, than the last, more tender,
Each visit more endearing grown,
Hope gave the summons to surrender
A heart, Medorus, all thine own!
Thy words, thy looks, both, both deceived me,
Each sweet attention sprung from art
So genuine seem'd, that I believed thee,
And, grateful, yielded up my heart.
Thy conquest sure—my peace invaded,
My soul, my wishes, all thine own,
Thy triumph to a world paraded,
My weakness to a world made known:
Then, then with cruel scorn forsaking
The hapless ruin thou hadst made,
O thou couldst leave this heart to breaking,
Which fondly leant on thine for aid!

Thy tyger vanity, still growling
O'er slaughter'd love's expiring frame
For some new prey continues prowling,
My heir in grief, my heir in shame.
See! see! Derision points her finger
To the sad wreck of woman's love!
Condemn'd a little space to linger,
Till Heaven sends rescue from above.
It comes! it comes! I feel it rending
This cherish'd idol from my breast!"—
She said. To earth her fair form bending,
Death claim'd his long expected guest.
From grief, from ridicule now shielded,
Angels received her parting sigh,
Poor maid! the grave that shelter yielded
Thy once fond lover could deny!—

Now, with insidious smile, confessing
To some new mate his fickle flame,
Medorus, her fair hand caressing,
Dared to pronounce Paulina's name!
He dared! when, lo! loud thunders rattled!
Red coruscations glared around!
Myriads of spirits stood embattled,
And lost Paulina's corpse surround.
Their spears of forked lightning aiming
At the gay miscreant's perjured breast,
Their eyes like angry meteors flaming,
Th' impatience of revenge exprest.
A vapour from the corpse exhaling,
Now wore Paulina's faded form!
Groans rent the air! her shrieks, her wailing,
Chased the proud spirits of the storm!—

"I come!" she cried: that voice so cherish'd
Had power to burst the bands of hell!
And the poor ghost, whose body perish'd,
To wear her wonted shape compel!—
"O as on earth I much adored thee,
So from my tomb I rush to save!
O if in vain I long implored thee,
Yet grant one boon unto the grave!"—
She said; and round Medorus throwing
Her icy arms, (the arms of death!)
Frost-bound the tides of life, once glowing,
And check'd, for ever check'd his breath!
She meant to save, not harm the rover!
But 'twas the great Avenger's will,
That he who play'd the general lover,
Fond, injured, female love should kill!

THE COWSLIP AND THISTLE.

THE Cowslip by the Thistle's side
In modest beauty meekly blooms,
Shrinks from each blast, and seems to hide
Its velvet leaves, its soft perfumes.
The sturdy Thistle boldly dares
The traveller's foot, the beating rain,
Her rugged breast undaunted bares,
And scowls defiance o'er the plain!
In trembling hope and timid joy
The Cowslip counts each flitting hour,
Till the rude foot of shepherd boy
Crushes at once both weed and flower.
Her head th' elastic Thistle rears,
Nor seems to suffer from the wound!

The Cowslip dies! but Zephyr bears
Her dying fragrance wide around.
" Dear youth, (the blushing Anna said)
The lesson of their fate explain."—
" Thine heart will tell thee, gentle maid!
That heart so prone to nourish pain!"—
" Ah, Henry! in the Cowslip's doom
Perhaps our mutual fate I see!
The surest passport to the tomb
I feel is—sensibility!
The Thistle pictures the cold breast
Which scoffs at love, at pity sneers,
Derides the noblest and the best,
And fattens e'en on kindred tears!
Yet were it true, each heart-wrung sigh
One link from life's weak chain removed,

Better, far better 'twere to die,
  Than live unloving, and unloved!
Then, then would Fame, with liberal breath,
  Perform kind Zephyr's friendly part,
And tell the world, 'Here rests in death
  The victim of a feeling heart!"

CONSTANCE TO MELLIDOR.

IN MY NOVEL OF CLARIBEL.

An Invitation for the first of May, when he was on the point of leaving her for some months.

FAIR Maia boasts her laughing hours,
Her bursting buds, her glowing flow'rs,
Her air-borne minstrel's warbling throats,
When rapture swells their love-tuned notes,
Mild Zephyr's kiss, Sol's cheery beams,
Her fond enthusiast's flattering dreams!
Ah, poor enthusiast! dream again;
Thou wak'st but to the sense of pain!
In vain, for thee, with liberal hand,
May scatters blessings o'er the land,
Each heart with grateful joy inspires,
Shoots through each pulse more fervid fires;

Thy May the face of April wears!
Her sickly smiles are dimm'd by tears!
For those dear eyes, whose vivid rays
Shed sweet refulgence o'er thy days,
Those suns, alas! no more will cheer
The sickly summer of thy year,
But to some other clime repair,
And leave thee, wasting in despair!
No, my soul's lord! thou yet shalt stay
With me to greet the coming May;
By all the love those eyes have shewn,
By the soft sighs which made it known,
By each sweet word, each dear embrace,
Each thrilling eloquence of face,
O come, my love, once more to bless
This ardent soul with happiness!

O come, my love, once more to cheer
The chilly summer of *my* year!
Then, then, should April rule through May,
And many a tear dim many a ray,
Still, still I shall have lived *that* day!

Yet, dearest! if my tears must flow,
Be absence my sole source of woe!
If doom'd from thee awhile to part,
Admit no rival to thine heart;
Bid me not abdicate that throne
Which was, which is, yes, all mine own!
Then not one day, one passing hour,
But I should bless love's boundless pow'r;
And though thou never shouldst be mine,
I would not, could not, dare repine,
But love thee till my latest breath,
Think of thee, dream of thee, in death!

A VALENTINE

FROM CONSTANCE TO MELLIDOR.

FROM THE SAME.

I.

Ere yet the harbinger of day
Shed one faint beam, one cheering ray,
Impatient love, with fond delight,
Sought, by the glimmering taper's light,
The pictured lineaments to trace
Of Mellidor's bewitching face;
Prest to her lips the ring, the glove,
Sweet pledges of his valued love;
Then dropt a solitary tear
That her sweet tyrant was not near;
Dared for a moment to repine,
And blame her careless Valentine.

II.

O man! how little dost thou know
The sources whence *our* pleasures flow!
O man! how little canst thou share
The soft refinements of the fair!
Those heavenly nothings which *we* prize,
Your grosser appetites despise:
Ne'er in your hacknied bosoms live
Those loyal sentiments, which give
A sacred character to love,
And prove its mission from above.
Alas! my every wish was thine,
But the world shared my Valentine!

III.

Loud howl the stormy winds around,
Winter's hoar honours strew the ground;

Brilliant the sun, though cold his ray:
Ah! such the sun who rules *my* day!
Long, long he promised to be here,
To claim me for th' ensuing year;
But gayer scenes his thoughts employ,
He steals from love what's given to joy:
That he may hasten back again
In time to join gay folly's train,
Love's sacred promise he'd resign,
And slight his faithful Valentine!

IV.

Else Mellidor had never roved
Far from the little form he loved
On this eventful day, while she
Past her lone hours in misery!—
Alas! should the desire of change
Induce my Mellidor to range,

Should sickening security
Tempt him to court variety,
If I've been loved, alas! too long,
May tender recollections throng
Round that dear heart, and keep it mine,
Lest death should claim thy Valentine!

V.

When to Love's influence woman yields,
She loves for life! and daily feels
Progressive tenderness!—each hour
Confirms, extends, the tyrant's pow'r!
Her lover is her god! her fate!—
Vain pleasures, riches, worldly state,
Are trifles all!—each sacrifice
Becomes a dear and valued prize,
If made for him, e'en though he proves
Forgetful of their former loves!

O never to forget be thine,

Lest madness seize thy Valentine!

VI.

Think, Mellidor, on former days,

Think on the thousand winning ways

By which my heart thou didst obtain!

The fond, fond look, the melting strain,

The frequent letter, praises bland,

This tenderly imprison'd hand;

Full many an eve together past,

Each eve more valued than the last;

When by the sun's declining rays

I dared the transitory gaze,

Read in those eyes that flame divine,

Now—felt but thy Valentine!

VII.

Alas! those days are gone and past,
They were too exquisite to last;
The charm of novelty is o'er,
And Constance is beloved no more!
Yon light coquet, so gross, so vain,
Parades thee in her vulgar train,
With worthless rivals blends thy name,
And wrests from Loping crowds her fame!
Ah, dearest youth! canst thou prefer
This love's itinerant, to her
Whose soul, whose wishes, all were thine,
Who lives but in her Valentine!

VIII.

Ah no! thou art too good, too pure,
Such shameful shackles to endure,

Such hacknied favours to receive!

Thy Constance never will believe

These groundless rumours! dearest youth,

Repeat those vows of love and truth,

Which oft with ecstasy I heard,

And to heaven's richest gifts preferr'd!

But should the dreadful tale be true,

Hide, hide thy frailties from my view;

Still let me think each virtue thine,

Still proudly bless my Valentine!

THE RETURN.

CONSTANCE TO MELLIDOR.

Long absent from the being I adore,
My thoughts with tranquil sadness on him hung;
Content to be beloved, I ask'd no more,
And with soft sorrow of his graces sung.
Kind recollection busily employ'd
Each laden hour, lost treasures to renew,
And tell of blessings, formerly enjoy'd,
Kind words, fond looks, all past in sweet review!
Calmly they past!—but now, when hope returns,
And whispers, "Mellidor will soon be here,"
My breast with eager expectation burns,
And tender terrors glisten in each tear.

He will not, sure, he will not coldly meet
The fond expansion of a throbbing heart,
Or with feign'd tenderness affect to treat
Those dear effusions which ne'er sprung from art.
He will not, sure, unless some newer love
(And Mellidor was form'd each nymph to warm)
Should, from his heart, this faded form remove,
And deck her image with each rifled charm!
Rifled by time, no more with me they bloom;
Round youth's fair forehead clusters beauty's rose;
Time points to lost affection's dreary tomb,
But love eternal in my bosom glows!
What wonder then if, doubtful of its fate,
My fond heart trembles at its lord's return,
Fears to resign its present tranquil state,
Lest, still to love, should be but—still to mourn!

EUDORA'S SONGS AND LETTERS.

FROM A NOVEL WHICH I HAVE DESTROYED.

The Cousins, EUDORA and ISABEL, are rivals. EDMOND, the object of their love, having been rejected by ENNA, endeavours to force his heart to return the timid tenderness of EUDORA, and by persuading her that he loves, hopes in time to love her in reality. But the hope was vain!—They marry, and are the victims of delusion!

EUDORA'S FIRST SONG.

I.

WHERE'ER the dear unkind-one strays
May blessings on his steps attend,
May laughing pleasures wing his days,
And fortune every wish befriend.

Alas! not selfish is the boon
  Which thus I crave of Heaven for thee,
For well I know, ere one short moon,
  If still thou livest, 'tis not for me!

II.

'Tis true, my soul, subdued by worth,
  A sad, but sweet sensation proved;
Virtues and talents gave it birth,
  I saw, I heard, admired, and loved.
Admired and loved! yet, ah! in vain,
  His heart had little to bestow;
One, lovelier far, the prize must gain:
  Resign'd, I bend me to the blow.

III.

To teach her to deserve his heart,
  To graft new virtues on her breast,

Be this my dearest, latest part,
And then, O then—I'll sink to rest.
What though from many a mental storm
This ardent soul I could not save,
Yet sure this little fragile form
May taste of quiet in the grave.

EUDORA TO EDMOND.

LETTER THE FIRST.

WHENCE comes it, Edmond, that this wayward heart,
Unsatisfied, would willingly forego
Thy loved society? consent to part,
And dress up rapture in the garb of woe?
Go, go, my Edmond! haste thee from my sight,
That tender recollections may renew
Each swift-wing'd moment of improved delight,
And hang on blessings—imaged more, than true!
Confused and anxious while thou'rt by my side,
My heart scarce whispers what it fondly feels;
And maiden modesty with decent pride
Each soft sensation studiously conceals.

Confused and anxious, scarce those words I hear
Which (recollected) joy my inmost soul:
So much perception is obscured by fear!
So bends the mind to bodily controul!
When present, anxious doubts my soul alarm,
I think thee cold, indifferent, unkind:
When absent, memory paints in colours warm
Each emanation of that feeling mind.
Absence more fervour to thy language gives,
More eloquence to those expressive eyes,
And each dear trifle in remembrance lives
Gay, glittering, glowing, in sun-mingled dyes!
Go then, my Edmond, haste thee from my sight,
That tender recollection may renew
Each swift-winged moment of improved delight,
And hang on blessings—imaged more, than true!

EUDORA TO EDMOND.

LETTER THE SECOND.

THE parting kiss, refused, yet still obtain'd
From bashful tenderness! midst shame and fear
Unwillingly refused! was scarcely gain'd
Ere Dian chasten'd it with virtue's tear.
And yet, my Edmond, when we meet again,
Your poor Eudora may her fault renew,
And find how weak, how impotent, and vain,
Each firm resolve, when combated by you.
Ah! whence is this? a letter from my love
Yields more enchantment, more unmixt delight,
Than in our tenderest interviews I prove,
Than in the blessings purchased by his sight.

Is it, because my soul delights to dwell
On each kind word, on ev'ry ardent line,
To see his truth on record, and to tell
My beating heart, "Thou, Edmond, thou art mine?"
I cull the choicest sentiments, repeat
A thousand thousand times the warmest vow,
Lend each sweet word a meaning still more sweet,
And deck with visionary wreaths my brow.
Here, on this paper, his dear hand requires
Rich retribution for his banishment;
Ah! dearest youth, if mutual are our fires,
Then mutual surely was the punishment!
Did e'er one pain invade my Edmond's breast
That fond Eudora did not doubly feel?
Had Heaven the power to make Eudora blest
But through the medium of her Edmond's weal?

Edmond! *my* Edmond!—if indeed thou'rt mine,
Earth boasts no being half so proud as I.
O not for crowns the blessing I'd resign,
For empires barter one kind look or sigh!
And yet, thou dear one, should our wayward fate
From *my* dominion wrest that valued heart,
Speak, speak, my love, ere yet it be too late,
That we—O gods!—yes, yes, that we may part!
Love on self-sacrifice can proudly dare,
Love is self-sacrifice, or but a name!
And woe betide the despicable fair
Whose selfish passions smother the pure flame.
Believe me, Edmond, I would yet resign
My heaven of happiness, my all of joy,
With steady hand the fatal transfer sign,
Which to another yields my gallant boy.

Yes, I could bless the maid, for blessing thee!
And if the contest in my death should end,
The bursting sigh which sets my spirit free
Should tell thee, that in heaven thou hast one friend.

EUDORA TO EDMOND.

LETTER THE THIRD.

O COME again, my love! O come again,
'Tis agony to trust thee from my sight!
Sad visions floating on my fever'd brain,
Sully the source of intellectual light.
My wayward fancy points to every woe
Which frail mortality is born to bear;
On thy dear head the varied mischiefs flow,
While all the aid I yield thee is a tear.
Sleep nightly brings some new, some wild alarm:
Sometimes I see thee tempt the dangerous wave,
Buffet the billows with a sinewy arm,
Then, palsied, sinking to a wat'ry grave!

Sometimes I see thee curb the firy steed,
With graceful management direct the rein;
Now, cast to earth, I see, I see thee bleed,
Thy polish'd limbs bestrew th' ensanguined plain!
Sometimes I see thee shape thy devious course
O'er many a wild, where many a moor-hen strays;
The levell'd tube recoils with fatal force,
And, bursting in thine hand, its master slays!
Sometimes I see encircling flames surround
The couch, where lock'd in sleep my Edmond lies;
O save him! save him!—what? no succour found?
Ye powers of mercy, see! he faints, he dies!
'Tis thus, in agony, Eudora wakes;
Fears chill her breast, cold damps her brow bedew;
She sleeps no more, and ere gay morning breaks,
Her languid features steal grief's sickly hue.

Ah dear! my love, 'tis not alone in sleep
This little anxious bosom tastes of woe;
Through the long day I only wake to weep,
From many a varied source my sorrows flow.
Sometimes I see thee mingling in the dance
With all the ardour youth and health inspire,
Meeting, returning, every amorous glance,
Fanning with fickle breath each new desire.
Ah! gentle maids, the cruel theft forbear;
A tender woman for your mercy pleads:
Ye love him not like me! then spare, O spare
A fond, fond heart, which at each falsehood bleeds!
Sometimes, in fancy, some insidious tale,
With guarded malice, wounds Eudora's fame;
Ah! ne'er let art o'er artlessness prevail!
My Edmond, love and virtue are the same.

My soul's first principle, my dearest boast,
Are honest candour, firm unbending truth;
Nor, to regain my soul's best treasure, (lost)
Should falsehood blight these blossoms of my youth.
When lightnings shiver'd yon aspiring oak,
Hast thou forgotten, Edmond, how we sate,
Waiting with anxious dread the coming stroke,
And deem'd each peal the awful voice of fate?
O I could *then*, as every flash glanced by,
With eager earnestness and trembling fear,
Turn on that much-loved face th' enquiring eye,
And read thy safety through each falling tear!
But now, full oft, when vivid lightnings glare,
When the loud thunders rattle round my head,
Not seeing thee, the voice of loud despair
Proclaims my Edmond number'd with the dead.

Save me, my love, O save me from these woes!
Restore to reason my distemper'd brain!
To spare my soul these agonizing throes,
Lord of my life, return, return again!

EUDORA TO EDMOND.

LETTER THE FOURTH.

IMPATIENT of delay, with eager haste,
Light as the gossamer Eudora flies;
O'er the lone barren heath, the desart waste,
The little trembler darts her piercing eyes.
See, see, he comes! o'er yonder distant hills
The weary postman winds his tardy way;
New hopes, dear flattering hopes, her bosom fill,
All panting, breathless, thus she chides his stay:
"Love's harbinger should mount the swallow's wing,
"And deftly skim o'er intermediate space,
"Or, like the meteor, each soft missive bring
"So swiftly, that his progress none can trace.

" Perhaps thou'rt heavy laden with sweet words,
" Vows, transports, flattering tautology,
" Hopes, wishes—all a tender heart affords:
" Love is confusion's best apology!"
O, I have felt this little panting breast
Struggling to give a language to its thought.
When the heart speaks the judgment is at rest,
Each awkward sentence seems with dulness fraught.
They only know to *shine*, who are at *ease*,
They only know to charm, who know to feign!
From feeling, Nature wrests the power to please;
O'er grace and talent Tremour winds her chain.
May Edmond's lines that sweet confusion prove,
May fondness triumph o'er scholastic art,
Soul speak to soul unutterable love,
An *ebb* of *wit*—but a *full tide* of *heart!*

Ah no!—what studied phrases meet mine eyes,
Cold compliments, excuses, new delays!
The gaudy gala bears from love the prize,
And for a dance, a hunt, my Edmond stays!
Take back those vows which hastily were given,
Take back that heart which ne'er was wholly mine,
Take back—yes, rob me of my earthly heaven;
But oh! may all heaven's blessings still be thine!
Yes, slight me, scorn me, I will love thee still!
Thy virtues die not, though affection dies!
Thine is the fault of nature, not of will,
And thou art guiltless of Eudora's sighs!
Say, can I cease thy merits to revere?
Eudora never loved herself in thee:
Howe'er unkind, still, still thou must be dear
To virtue, reason, tenderness, and me.

O I will fly to some deserted spot,
Fly from the being I must still adore,
Moan o'er the miseries of my hopeless lot,
Pray for thee, bless thee—but ne'er see thee more!
Yet from my shipwreck'd happiness I'll bear
Treasures which serve past blessings to retrace;
This wavy ringlet of his jetty hair,
This dear resemblance of his smiling face.
Night after night deprived of balmy rest,
Day after day consumed in fruitless tears;
My much-loved Edmond, never may thy breast
Share a sad portion of Eudora's cares!
And if——but who thus breaks upon my woes?
Gods! 'tis my Edmond! see, he speaks, he smiles,
Enjoys the rapture his return bestows—
Far, far from thee, my love, these needless wiles!

The youth who trifles with th' ingenuous heart,
Deserves to lose it, and become the prey
Of the gay wanton, who meets art with art,
And, like the meteor, lures but to betray.

EUDORA TO CLARA.

LETTER THE FIFTH.

AWAY dissembling! Edmond is my own!
His heart has spoken! hence, duplicity!
Shall maiden arts instruct me to disown
My pride, my glory, my felicity?
Grace, talent, virtues—endless, nameless charms,
Adorn the being whom my soul adored:
Shall I then shrink reluctant from his arms,
And blush to own him as my bosom's lord?
Love is election! never yet it stay'd
For wooing, to be won—'tis won by worth.
Cold, but not *modest,* is the tardy maid
Who waits till *vanity* shall give it birth.

The seal of merit stampt upon my heart
A deep, a strong impression!—if to feel
Be sin—yet still Eudora had the art
That graceful sin from Edmond to conceal.
She loved, but yet he knew not that she loved;
For virgin modesty with decent pride
Veil'd each fond thought, nor once the veil removed,
Till Edmond claim'd Eudora for his bride.
Cold hearts may smile when woman loves in vain,
Tho' grief shakes tottering Reason from her throne:
Still the poor triumph of inflicting pain
His generous bosom never would have known.—
Man loves—but to *possess!* and, if unblest,
His sickly fancy languishes! expires!
But *woman* clasps chimera to her breast,
Small aliment her purer flame requires!

She, like the young camelion, thrives on air,
Content no grosser sustenance to gain;
Takes every tint from the loved object near,
Clings to her griefs, and glories in her pain.
Of *poorest* flowers *she* forms triumphant wreaths!
Her world contracted to one little space,
Enough for her to breathe the air he breathes,
To steal a look, unnoticed, at his face!
By happy accident to touch his hand,
Wear on her heart a ringlet or a glove,
To sacrifice each wish to his command,
Live but in him, and only live to love!
His lineaments to trace with secret skill,
Then hang, enamour'd, o'er the work of art;
And, if stern talent yield not to her will,
Still, still she paints his picture on her heart!

Enough for her, to hear him call her friend;
His softer hours some fairer nymph may bless:
Delusion then its brightest tints would lend,
And she be happy, in his happiness!
These were the sentiments Eudora knew,
When fame gave Isabel to Edmond's arms;
These were her wishes, humble, pure, and true,
When Edmond bow'd before bright Enna's charms.
But now, when hope a dearer bliss imparts,
When heaven itself is open'd on my sight,
Hence! hence! concealments—hence! each female art!
A virtuous passion needs not shun the light.
Is it disgrace, to virtue's power to bend,
Is it disgrace, high intellect to prize?
When brilliant talents all their glories lend,
Is it disgrace to view with partial eyes?

No, Clara, no! be it my proudest boast
That my soul bow'd before superior worth:
Not on my heart was one perfection lost,
Love raised aspiring thought to heaven from earth!
Yet, what in me could that distinguish'd youth
Deign with such partial kindness to approve?
A heart of feeling, and a soul of truth—
The last in merit, but the first in love!—
Thus, on my knees, to Heaven my thanks I pour,
For the dear blessing which kind fate allows;
Then fondly dedicate each rapturous hour
To please the object of my tenderest vows.
O my heart's Edmond! a fond grateful wife
For thy loved sake shall court the general voice,
And spend each moment of succeeding life
In giving dignity to Edmond's choice.

EUDORA'S SECOND SONG.

I.

LET me die! let me die! the delusion is o'er,
Hope's beautiful visions can cheat me no more!
If the roses of love round my temples I bind,
The flowers fall to earth, but the thorn stays behind!
O then—let me die!

II.

To rob me of *future* delights may be thine,
But the joys I *have* tasted—*these*, surely, are *mine!*
And unkind as thou art, to my grave I will bear
The fond recollection that *once* I *was* dear!
O then—let me die!

III.

If my all of enjoyment depends on the *past*,
Ingrate! canst thou murmur, this *little* should *last?*
That the witching remembrance of blessings once known
Cheers an agonized heart, now those blessings are flown!
Then, then—let me die!

EUDORA'S LAMENTATION

OVER HER DEAD CHILD.

At the death of her Child, and fifteen months after her Marriage with EDMOND, the unfortunate EUDORA discovers that he is still tenderly attached to her rival, ENNA, and that she is, herself, the only obstacle to their happiness. Full of love and grief, she determines to remove that obstacle by suicide!

I.

MAKE it wide, make it deep, and with moss be it lined,
His delicate limbs no rude pebbles shall wound;
My babe with its mother in death shall be join'd!
Then the lord of my wishes, no longer unkind,
May shed a fond tear o'er the grief-hallow'd ground.
Lay it close by my side,
Lay it close by my side,
'Tis the child of my Edmond! and I—was his bride!

II.

Who says that I murder'd the peace of my love,
That his heart was another's, his hand only mine?
Hush, hush! 'tis not true!—her affection to prove,
His Eudora each obstacle soon will remove;
Content for his sake every bliss to resign.
With my babe on my breast,
With my babe on my breast,
My heart's lord shall be happy! and I—be at rest!

III.

Then if hand lock'd in hand, o'er my grave they should stray,
And vanity smile o'er the ruins of love,
Yet let justice and pity instruct them to say,
" She merited better, but fate had its way;
And now her pure spirit is soaring above!

With her babe on her breast,

With her babe on her breast,

Now earth shrinks from her view, and the mourner

at rest!"

THE FICOIDE.

SONG IN MY PASTORAL ROMANCE.

Yon bright orb, sunk in vapoury gold,
Low the Ficoidé droops her head;
No more her tender leaves unfold,
The life of life with Sol is fled!
Restored by his returning rays,
New charms th' impassion'd flowret wears,
Bends on her lord the stedfast gaze,
And with a sun-beam dries her tears.

THE INCONSTANT.

SONG IN THE SAME.

I.

By nature form'd to charm,
By heaven design'd to bless,
I know thy powers to harm,
Yet cannot love thee less.
I know thy falsehood well,
Thou'rt changeful as the wind;
Heaven in the face may dwell,
While hell is in the mind!

II.

How poor the transient joy
Which vagrant fires impart!

How valueless each toy
Unsanction'd by the heart!
O thou, so prone to range,
Must I truth's victim prove?
Thine was the sin to change,
The virtue mine—to love.

III.

I know a passing cloud
May dim bright reason's ray;
I know the passions shroud
Fair virtue's gorgeous day:
I know—but hush, my fears,
The mists of sense are fled,
More bright my sun appears,
Now blushes round him spread.

THE LIBERTINE.

SONG IN THE SAME.

I.

Sure 'tis hard still to love, yet despise what I love,
To know him unworthy my heart;
All extremes of disgust or of tenderness prove,
Which pride and which fondness impart.

II.

If to lawless indulgence his passions incline,
If debased by promiscuous fires,
Shall a bosom so pure and so haughty as mine
Be the sport of unholy desires?

III.

No!—this bosom, so pure and so haughty, disdains
An incense which multitudes share!

Yet 'tis well—since his *principles* sunder those chains
Which his *graces* compell'd me to wear!

IV.

Hence! beautiful butterfly, hence! nor renew
An homage, which still must be vain;
The bashful Mimosa must shrink from thy view,
But the rose, pink, and tulip, remain.

THE FLOWER OF HOPE.

IN THE SAME.

In youth's sweet Spring, Hope's tender flow'rs
With wild luxuriance clothe the vale;
The genial sun, the fresh'ning show'rs,
Give their soft perfume to the gale:
With love and joy the woodlands ring,
Gay Zephyr flaps his balmy wing,
And cheery Nature smiles to see
The Flower of Hope's nativity.
Say, shall it last its little day,
Shall no bleak blast its blossom tear?
Still shall it greet Sol's chasten'd ray,
Still to his beams its bosom bare?

Alas! the sad vicissitude.

Forth from caverns rough and rude

The boist'rous winds, contending, roar;

And Echo from the rocky shore

Each hollow note returns.

In chains of ice, see, vegetation mourns!

Poor little flowers, ye soon shall prove

How frosty duty blights the blooms of love.

THE NOSEGAY.

IN THE SAME.

I.

O 'TWAS my Felix cull'd each sweet
To deck ungrateful Stella's breast!
Were they not scatter'd at her feet,
Are they not to her bosom prest?

II.

Dear precious pledge of dearer love,
Forgive a maid's affected scorn;
From earth to that fond breast remove,
From whence, reluctant, thou wert torn.

III.

Stern god of gold, how poor thy pow'r!
Thy smiles no transports can impart:
Love's *mint* stamps value on a *flow'r*,
And makes it *current* in the heart!

THE KID.

IN THE SAME.

On the tall cliff's stupendous head,
Where oft the screaming sea-gulls stray,
Yon frolic kid, with airy tread,
Wanton, takes her winding way,
Her plaintive bleating
The wolf's ear meeting,
The hungry savage is roused to the chase;
But lightly bounding,
With hoofs resounding,
The wily innocent trusts to the race.
From rock to rock with measured leap
The fleet-one flies,

Beneath, she views the angry deep
With fearless eyes!
And as she leads him,
With hopes she feeds him,
Till, plunged in the ocean, he struggles and dies!
Thus woman was born to be happy and free,
But man, tyrant man, seeks each wish to controul:
Love's shackles, Alina, were ne'er forged for thee,
No insolent victor shall fetter thy soul!
And if the monster, man, pursuing,
Wearies thee with specious wooing,
Woman has wicked wit at will,
On his own head to turn projected ill!

THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

IN THE SAME.

I.

Yes, I have heard those conscious sighs,
When meant to meet a happier ear!
And I have seen those starry eyes
Beam on a face more young, more fair!
And I have heard that witching tongue
Dwell on another's envied praise!
And I have lived—to think life long,
To wish a period to my days!

II.

And I have hoped the pitying powers
Their darling office might resign,

And fondly trust thy future hours
To care and tenderness like mine!
Then, then a small still voice might say,
"Thy guardian spirit loved thee well!"
Nor once, lest grief should cloud life's day,
Should the voice add, "For thee she fell!"

To HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq. Poet Laureat,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

No longer shall an humble muse
  Her petty off'ring fear to send,
Nor thou, indulgent bard, refuse
  The timid homage of a friend.
If Ella hails the auspicious day
  Which gave one generous being birth,
'Tis but the tributary lay
  Which honest feeling pays to worth.
Others may strike the sounding strings,
  Thy learning, judgment, talents, tell,
Ella of lovelier graces sings,
  Domestic virtues—practised well!

An eye—suffused with pity's tear,
A hand—still ready to bestow,
A heart—still glowing, still sincere,
A wit—to censure ever slow!
As husband, father, friend, or lord,
Form'd for each tender social tie,
In each domestic scene adored—
Virtue we praise in praising Pye.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.